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Motherhood by Rule.

We confess a seeming inability to wax
even over so slightly enthusiastic over this
currently discussed thing called "scientific
motherhood." As nearly as we can
gather, "scientific motherhood" means
motherhood by rule—an all but impossible
proposition primarily, we should say.

Entertaining enough, and instructive
to a degree, perhaps, is the recited case
of a certain Mrs. Noyes, who has reared
her one boy, thus far, "scientifically." Some
of the things she has done to her help-
less infant are worthy of note, albeit
we feel reasonably sure they will fall
utterly to convince a number of people
who may or may not be profoundly stupid.
The young Master Noyes under considera-
tion has never been rocked or sung to
sleep; he has never been dressed in dainty
things trimmed with blue and pink ribbons,
but in a bag with a drawstring at the
top; he has always slept in a common
market basket, and has never been petted,
kissed, cuddled, or squeezed; to develop
his brain and properly exercise certain
muscles, he has been carried around the
house by his heels three times each day;
and last, but not least—he has never
been permitted to believe that his baby
"goo" meant anything whatever, generally
or specifically.

When last heard from, young Master
Noyes was "alive and kicking," we re-
joice to report. We congratulate him that
the former circumstance may be truth-
fully set down, and we admit a total lack
of surprise that the latter circumstance
indicates a future constitution of iron
persuasion, which is nicely balanced by
an evident intensely human inclination
to balk when deliberately provoked.
Wherefore, we somewhat rudely rate
Mrs. Noyes' theory of "scientific mother-
hood" important, if true, but that is all.
Her son may some day come to be Presi-
dent; also, he may develop into an
iconoclast; likewise, he may grow to be
a mollycoddle. Time must tell the story;
and we favor giving time plenty of latitude
in the matter—likewise an abundance
of longitude, if that be desirable.

We cling, nevertheless, fondly and
firmly to the old-fashioned mother. She
may be wrong, but we are with her! Her
only books are baby's looks, and folly
may be all they have taught her; but we
doubt it. We consider with extreme satis-
faction the results of her efforts these
many years; and while they might have
been better, in the average, praise be
to her, they surely might have been woefully
worse! The biggest rule she knows is
mother love, and that has never yet been
fashioned in communicable thoughts, or
approximately embodied in song or story.

The hand that rocks the cradle, "scien-
tifically" indicted though it be, has suc-
ceeded in ruling the world for ages dead
and gone; and though it is part and parcel
of the mother who beddocks her offspring
in ribbons and laces, smotherers it in
kisses, and swears by the unchanging
stars that its every "goo" means some-
thing sweet and precious, whether it does
or not—well, God bless her and have her
in his keeping! She has been here a
long time, and if she is not "scientific"
exactly, her boys all love her—and her
girls, too, for she usually has a few of
both—and she is as secure in her glory as
is the Lord's own sunshine!

The American Idea.

Theodore Parker, in his speech deliv-
ered at the anti-slavery convention of
May 29, 1850, said:

"There is what I call the American idea. . . .
This idea demands, as the proximate organiza-
tion thereof, a democracy; that is, a government of
all the people, by all the people, for all the people;
of course, a government on the principles of eternal
justice, the unchanging law of God; for shortness
sake, I will call it the idea of freedom."

Sixty years have wrought great changes
in the thoughts and the habits of man-
kind. Civilization has been so rapid in
its progress as to make the present gen-
eration arrogant and self-sufficient. The
lords of creation were never more lordly
than they are to-day.

During these sixty years of meteoric
advancement, what has become of the
American idea?

That idea of equality upon which the
government was so proudly founded
seems latterly to have given way to an-
other and still more powerful American idea.
The present American idea is in-
dividual supremacy at all costs.

Onward goes the rush to get ahead. To
the wall with the weak and helpless!
The battle is to the strong and the race
is to the swift.

To get money. Can this be the true
motto of the republic? Is this low
standard all that life holds that is worth
working for?

Everywhere we turn we find these
questions answered, unhappily, in the af-
firmative. To get ahead, to be a little
bigger, a little stronger, a little more
powerful than your neighbor; that is the
idea, with never a thought for those who
are worsted in the fight.

We have always held that optimism is
a valuable adjunct to character, and that

through it man gains a more accurate
perspective; but the gradual lowering of
American ideals and the sordid tendency
of our national growth requires the most
emphatic optimism to offset.

Let us have an American idea of which
to be proud. Let us pause to remember
that power is greater in the prospect
than in the realization, and that material
possessions turn to ashes when the mind
and spirit are sapped and brutalized by a
selfish scramble to get the better of
some one else.

Patronage—A Hoosier's Tale of Woe.

With important national problems press-
ing for attention, and a multiplicity of
public duties that cannot be evaded or
delayed bearing heavily upon him, Presi-
dent Taft, like all his predecessors, is
daily beset with the importunities of
place-seekers.

Patronage, patronage, patronage—that
is the thing most trying in the President's
daily life. He must have the patience of
Job to endure it all, and in time he will
come to abhor, if he does not already, the
whole patronage business.

These observations are prompted by a
careful perusal of an account of the re-
cent visit to the White House of ex-Gov.
Dunbar, of Indiana, who unfolded a tale
of woe distressing in the extreme. He
came all the way to Washington to tell
it first-hand to the President in all its
painful details and harrowing ramifications,
and urge upon him to intervene,
and intervene forthwith, and thus save
the party from the demeriton bow-wow.

Of course, everybody understands that
a campaign, in one form or another, goes
on forever in the Hoosier State. You
may talk about political peace out there,
but there is no political peace, and can be
none. The State is not built that way.
It was so long the pivot upon which the
political destinies of the nation hinged
that it acquired the habit of keeping
eternally busy in politics and could not
now curb its activities if it tried.

But Gov. Dunbar's plaint, his White
House tale of woe, is the subject under
consideration. Indiana, he said, was in
danger of going Democratic this fall.
The signs were unpropitious and becom-
ing more so. Everything was drifting to
the bad; the situation all but hopeless.
Why? Was it revolt against Cannonism,
unrest caused by high prices, dissatis-
faction with the new tariff law, distrust
over the Ballinger-Phinney row, or dis-
approval of the course of the administra-
tion? No; none of these things consti-
tuted a material menace to party suc-
cess. They would have only an inconse-
quential bearing upon the November out-
come at most. The trouble was, and the
governor minced no words in disclosing
it, that the officers were not being dis-
tributed rightly. Beveridge was not totting
fair with the other leaders. He was
making mistakes in giving post-office
positions, deputy collectorship, unfruct,
and minor spoils to individuals who had
not earned such rewards. If it be not
stopped, the administration must be pre-
pared for the worst.

And that is what is the matter with
the Grand Old Party in Indiana:

We submit the case to the reader's
own appraisal. Far be it from our
desire to meddle in it or take sides. We
summarize it only for the purpose of
illustration—to throw a sidelight on Mr.
Taft's daily life and emphasize the trials
and tribulations involved in being Presi-
dent of these United States.

A Great International Park.

The Ottawa Evening Journal, editorially
commenting upon a measure pending be-
fore the Congress of the United States,
said, in its issue of the 28th instant:

"The proposal for an international park
and game reserve along the Alberta-Montana border
of Canada-United States, although held up in
the United States Senate, is one that is said to meet
with approval in Washington. Canada ought
and probably will do its part toward the proposed
international reserve. The land involved, while not
good for settlement, is rich in birds and game
of many kinds. The few remaining mountain sheep
outside the main Rockies are found here, the only
glaciers in the United States and Southern Canada
are in this area."

"Canada will welcome the proposed international
park and do its share towards its establishment and
protection."

Some 5,000 square miles along the back-
bone of the continent in the two coun-
tries would form this international park,
according to the co-operative plan pro-
posed. It is a magnificent project, and
general approval at Ottawa, as well as
at Washington, is but natural.

The area on the American side of
the dividing line contains the only
glaciers within the United States, and
there are innumerable water falls and
majestic bluffs thousands of feet in ele-
vation. Senator Carter said the area in-
cludes the only remaining American
habitat of the mountain sheep, and he
urged that it should be preserved for the
protection of that animal. Canada is
also actuated by a desire to protect its
own wild game. The American portion
of the proposed park embraces the head
waters of the Flathead River and lies
along the main range of the Rocky Moun-
tains, south of the international line. It
is about sixty by forty miles in extent.

Possibly there may be valid objections
to the measure creating this great park,
but they are not apparent, and the project
itself seems worthy of support and fa-
vorable action.

"Buying meat is just like buying
clothes," says Mr. J. Ogden Armour.
Or diamonds, or automobiles, or radium,
or—oh, a lot of things!

"We lack a sense of humor," says the
New York World. It seems probable.
Otherwise, how account for the World's
colored "comic" supplement?

If Mr. Luther Burbank will now in-
vent a hungerless stomach, we shall fa-
vor Congress retiring him on a liberal
pension.

Amid a wilderness of arctic testimonials
bedecking the magazine advertising
pages, Prof. "Mat" Henson also does
not appear.

According to the San Antonio Express,
George Washington University is prepar-

ing "to measure the earth's roll." De-
sirous of ascertaining, doubtless, whether
the earth is able to stand the increased
cost of living.

One of the troubles ahead is that the
festive turnip as a regular diet is apt to
pall.

A large number of citizens have joined
the beef boycott; and, on the contrary,
the beef boycott merely has joined a
large number of citizens.

Mr. James J. Jeffries is credited with
a disposition to haggle over money mat-
ters. Sort of close-fisted fellow, per-
haps.

A public combine against Pullman por-
ters probably would save the very pret-
tiest penny of all to the people.

A New York jury has decided that Mrs.
Howard Gould must pay her own mill-
ionaire bills. Doubtless this will incline
the lady to revise sharply downward her
ideas concerning the delights of divorce
with alimony.

Peanuts are going up. Still, it seems
physically impossible to reduce the size
of the 5-cent package any further.

"Now that the piano manufacturers
have come out for ship subsidy, the
movement may be regarded as both up-
right and grand," says the Springfield
Union. In fact, it may be that they have
sounded the keynote of the situation.

By and by, things may come to such a
pass that even the big rich will have to
economize on eggs in order to keep their
automobiles supplied with gasoline.

"Does the average taxpayer in Chicago
like to be robbed?" inquires the Inter-
Ocean, of that municipality. What dif-
ference does it make whether he likes it
or not?

Vardaman seems to be a loser, after all.
The trouble with Mr. Vardaman, it ap-
pears, is his persistent habit of thinking
and speaking of himself in capital letters
exclusively.

The Rhode Island legislature proposes
to investigate the high cost of living.
The Rhode Island legislature probably
thinks Senator Aldrich is out of the coun-
try entirely, whereas he merely is so-
journing in Florida.

A critic says "Emperor Matsuhito is a
better poet than Emperor William." Eng-
lish critic, presumably!

The Paris press has already been
charged up to Halley's comet. By the
time that comet gets out of sight again
we predict that it will feel like nothing
so much as a celestial Mr. Loeb.

There is an evident disposition among
ex-meat eaters to Fletcherize the rag, so
to speak.

While Gen. Leonard Wood favors "rapid
promotions in the army," he probably
would not have ambitious subalterns think
they may all be Gen. Woods while they
wait.

It is unanimously carried that the "vin-
dication of Dr. Cook" be indefinitely pos-
tponed.

Even if the shirt-waist makers' strike
is not finished by the merry month of
June, the sweet summer girl will contrive,
we imagine.

A careful analysis of the situation
shows that Senator Root's average en-
thusiasm for the income tax was no
lower during the month of January than
it was during the month of December.

A writer suspects that "Mr. Nicholas
Longworth may hanker for a toga," not
to mention the toga's possible hankering
for Mr. Longworth.

"At a New Jersey contest, one indi-
vidual ate twenty-six pies in thirty min-
utes," says the Philadelphia Public Ledger.
It may yet become necessary to
start a fight for the conservation of pie
in New Jersey.

The Joliet Herald refers somewhat ve-
hemently to "Cannonism and Snappery."
Whatever either or both may be, we
think the day has passed when Cannonism
may righteously be considered anything
of a snap.

CHAT OF THE FORUM.

A Message from Burbank.

From the New York Herald.
Burbank says caudex offers a satisfying substitute
for meat. It should be served piping hot and eaten
with a safety razor.

Mr. Taft's "Light Fantastic Toe."

From the Albany Journal.
If President Taft is "really fairlike on his feet,"
as a Southern woman who waited with him is re-
ported to have said, he must be a wizard.

Threatens Individual Liberty.

From the New York Journal of Commerce.
The kind of paternalism embodied in these postal
savings schemes is an insidious agency for sapping
the foundations of individual liberty and self-govern-
ment.

Pennsylvania's Representatives.

From the Kansas City Star.
Sending a baseball star to Congress may not be
an ideal arrangement, but a baseball star would
be a vast improvement over what Pennsylvania usually
sends to Congress.

Letting Mr. Heyburn Drop.

From the Houston Post.
"The South can afford to let Heyburn drop,"
says an Eastern exchange. That is easily said,
and could be said to let him drop from the apex of
the Washington Monument.

The Silent Mr. Wade Ellis.

From the New York Globe.
If the beef trust finally climbs the pearly, Judge
Landis may be heard bying from the ground,
but you're apt to detect the silent Mr. Ellis climb-
ing into the lower branches.

More Southern Colonies.

From the New Orleans Picayune.
The Virginia legislature has passed a bill per-
mitting the governor of the State to increase his per-
sonal military staff from the former strength of
twenty colonels to thirty colonels.

Senator Daniel's Long Service.

From the Boston Transcript.
If Senator Daniel, of Virginia, serves out the
term for which the Democrats have just nominated
him it will give him a term of eminence as long
as that of the late Thomas H. Benton, and consid-
erably briefer.

Work for Champ Clark.

From the St. Louis Republic.
The Missouri case is so fast rising to a place of
high importance that it is hoped Champ Clark will
make the government at Washington pay full price
for the injury done her by certain agents of the
government who spread dynamite in one of her ac-
customed pastures.

A Preference for Pinchot.

From the Dallas News.
Taft pinched Pinchot, and now Pinchot's pinch-
ing Cannon. When Pinchot was pinched he only
smiled; but the grins which Uncle Joe makes
when Pinchot pinches him are rather amusing. We
love our William Howard and our animated piece
of field machinery, but oh, you pinching Pinchot!

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

SOMETHING DOING.

There is something in the rumor,
We opine,
That the ultimate consumer
Is in line.
Just a word or two suffices
To explain.
He proposes to bring prices
Down again.
There's a racket and a rumble
Under way.
Food is apt to take a tumble
Any day.
Better fall in with his humor
Pretty quick
When the ultimate consumer
Has a kick.

Syndicating the Story.

"Who will hold the bridge with me?"
demanded Horatius.
There were no replies.
"I'll share all royalties," announced the
hero, whereupon volunteers rushed for-
ward.

Not So Nice.

"That fellow went away from Plunk-
ville and became famous. We were
proud of him for a while."
"What changed you?"
"The critter came back to the old town
to air his divorce scandal."

Tired of It.

I am seldom eulogistic
In my bent
When I speak of the artistic
Temperament.

In Full Bloom.

"I do love nature."
"Yes; it must be fine to see whole fields
of shredded wheat."

His Little Course.

"I wish I could vary my course of
reading."
"Why don't you?"
"Well, my barber has nothing but pug-
listic literature, and my doctor's au-
tumn is only stocked with medical stuff."

Our Raps.

"Have you any raps in America?"
"Only the grandstands in our aban-
doned race tracks."

A CONSERVATION DEPARTMENT

With Such Dignity, This Important Problem Could Be Solved.

From the Kansas City Star.
The recommendation of the Southwest
Lumbermen's Association that a Depart-
ment of Conservation be established in
Washington, with full Cabinet authority
and dignity, is an endorsement of the
best possible plan for the efficient han-
dling of natural resources of the nation.

Such a department, organized with es-
pecial reference to the national forests and
the reclamation of arid and swamp lands,
and with facilities to promote conserva-
tive methods and rational regulations in
the disposal and operation of coal, oil,
mineral, and grazing lands in the public
domain, would have one of the greatest
fields of activity and responsibility cov-
ered by the several Cabinet departments.

Conservation, in its broad sense, is the
greatest of all the problems facing the
government at this time. It should have
the honor of a separate department, with
such an organization as would enable the
government to work out its plans for the
conservation of the natural resources un-
trammelled by those conditions that have
arisen under the existing system of con-
trol.

The Southwest Lumbermen's Associa-
tion claims the distinction of having
started the agitation that led to these
amendments of the interstate commerce
law carried in the Hepburn act. One of
the most important pieces of legislation
enacted in the Roosevelt administration.
Its committee was the first to be heard
by the Senate and House committees
when the agitation had resulted in the
preparation of the proposed amendments.
It is to be hoped that the association's
early endorsement of the idea of a De-
partment of Conservation may be as ef-
fective as its former action on a great
national question.

Well Identified.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.
A severe looking woman moved up to
the window at the Citizens Savings and
Trust Company with a small check to be
cashd. The teller said she'd have to be
identified and she suggested that he call
up the man who had drawn the check and
have him describe her.

Real Fortune.

From the Cleveland Leader.
"Chuffer—I had the misfortune to run
over a woman yesterday.
Puffer—Gee! You'll have some big dam-
ages to pay, won't you?
Chuffer—No. Luckily, it turned out to
be my wife."

LIFE.

A crust of bread and a crust to sleep in.
A moment to laugh and an hour to weep in.
A pint of joy to a peck of trouble.
And never a laugh but the means come double—
And that is life.

A crust and a corner that love makes precious.
With the smile to ward off the two darkest evils.
And joy's sweet sweeter when comes after,
And a moon is the finest of foils for laughter—
And that is life.

By Proxy.

From the Kansas City Times.
"The king is going to try to raise some
pin money by starring his court jesters in
vaudeville."
"He'll try to live by his wits, eh?"

WHEN ROOSEVELT IS SPEAKER.

The House was called to order with the Speaker
in the chair.
The gentleman from Tennessee rose promptly to
declare
He made a point of order, and he asked the
Speaker that
To settle it he'd wrestle him two rounds upon
the mat.

That ceremony finished, with the Tennesseean
downed.
The Speaker donned his coat again and took a
look around.
Till the gentleman from Wyoming his eye essayed
to catch
And recalled that he had promised him a four-
round boxing match.
To decide a little question of appropriation for
An irrigation project that had hung a year or
more.

Then the member from Rhode Island asked the
Speaker right to make
Debate upon a bill for his constituency's sake.
"I'll run you round the Capitol," the Speaker
said, "and then
If you succeed in winning you can talk from 4 to 10."

The gentleman from Delaware refused to yield to
the floor
To the gentleman from Maryland, which quickly
The Speaker called then up to him and made them
fight it out
In strictly rioting manner, and he referred the
best.

"I'll now appoint committees," said the Speaker
with a grin.
"We'll have a battle royal and the stronger ones
The House then stripped to fighting tops,
The desks were moved away,
And the motion was a corker for the balance of
the day."

At 4 o'clock the Speaker looked upon the pending
list.
"Will some one move we now adjourn?" he mur-
mured with a smile.
The motion made, he donned his hat, "And now
come on," he said;
"We'll take a jaunt of ninety miles and then all
go to tea!"

—Paul West.



Ed. Halsey, assistant in the Senate
press gallery, is the subject of many
congratulations. He is no longer plain
Ed. Halsey, but from now on it will be
"Col." E. A. Halsey, of Virginia. The
"colonel" received notice of his appoint-
ment on the staff of Judge Mann, gov-
ernor of Virginia, and will take the oath
of office next Tuesday. He has been an
assistant in the Senate press gallery for
more than twelve years, and by his gen-
tlemanly manner and uniform courtesy
has won the best wishes of the entire
corps of newspaper men. Gov. Mann has
made a valuable addition to his staff.
The "colonel" is looking forward with
glorious anticipations to the next inau-
gural ball, when he can shine in his uni-
form.

Members of the House are in glee be-
cause a rivers and harbors bill will be
reported to that body in two weeks.
Each expects the lightning to strike his
district, in some cases with a greater
force than in others. After the bill
passes, and it will pass this session, the
members will flood their districts with
documents showing their constituents
what they have done for the folks at
home in the nature of improved water-
ways.

Senator Beveridge has departed for his
home in Indiana to be gone a week. On
Monday the Committee on Territories, of
which he is chairman, will introduce the
New Mexico and Arizona Statehood bill.
The bill is prepared in such a way as
to be satisfactory to the Senate leaders
and the administration.

Uncle Joe was much more interested
in a heart-to-heart talk with Representa-
tive Douglas, of Ohio, than in the agri-
culture bill, which was under considera-
tion in the House. Representative Doug-
las has become some pumpkins, and
from the uncertain reports emanating
from the Ohio delegation as to their fu-
ture course in Congress, it is a safe bet
that Uncle Joe was showing him the error
of his course. The way the Speaker
pounded the desk was characteristic of
the manner in which he wields the gavel.

Representative Ollie James has the re-
putation of being a great stout speaker,
and his services are much sought both
in national and Congressional campaigns.
He has the happy faculty of speaking to
the point. Ollie is a great friend of Wil-
liam J. Bryan, but he has the peerless
bester when it comes to getting to his
hearers with few words and emphatic
ones. Physically, he is the largest man
in Congress, and with Representative
Denney, make a pair that can't be beat
for weight.

Debating has taken a hold on the young
men and women of the country, and the
effect is being felt by members of Con-
gress. It is not unusual for a Senator
or Representative to receive in his mail
a letter from a young would-be orator
in his district, asking for speeches that
he and others have made which have
received favorable mention in the press,
and frequently he receives a request to
give the youthful debater points on the
subject to be debated. One member
says it makes him feel chummy to have
the young Americans sending him for
his speeches.

Farmers form a large part of the popu-
lation, and in some States are the bone
and sinew of the Commonwealth. If they
could just peep into Congress and see the
few members in the chamber when the
agricultural bill is being considered, these
hardy sons of toil would sit up and take
notice.

On Friday afternoon Senator Gordon
missed what might have been a serious
accident. On leaving the Senate office
building with his wife in the snowstorm,
he failed to see an approaching auto,
and was nearly run down. His wife saw
the machine in time to save the aged
Senator from harm.